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The Heart of a Shamrock

BY

GEORGE M. ROSENER

SERGEL'S

ACTING

DRAMA

No. 632

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The Heart of a Shamrock

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

BY

GEORGE M. ROSENER

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CHICAGO

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THE ROOM

A plain interior. A door at the back (D. I. F.) opens on the exterior; to the left of this, a long low window of many small panes. Across the window a curtain is run on a string.

A door at the left of the room opens into the church. On the down stage side of this stands an old organ. A book-case stands in the upper left hand corner of the room. A side-board sets in the upper right hand corner.

A door at the right of the room opens into the kitchen. On the down stage side of this door there is a fire place. In front of the fire place, facing down stage, there is a big high backed settle or settee; hard by this is set a small table on which reposes the Pastor's smoking articles.

A great rocking chair stands close by the organ. Between the window and the door at the back of the room is the Pastor's desk.

In the centre of the room is a round dining-room table with seven chairs.

Hat rack on the back wall.

JAN -6 1915

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CHARACTERS

FATHER O'NEIL—Our Pastor.
BOB "THE SHERIFF"—His Brother, the Shamrock.
"LADDIE"—The Youngest Brother.
GRIZZLY ADAMS—A Cattleman.
MAY—An Irish Rose.
GAD—A City Waif.
MRS. DONOVAN—The Housekeeper.
JOAN—A Ranchman's Daughter.

NOTE—The character of Gad may be played as either a boy or a girl.

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BOTH PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR ACTORS ARE WARNED NOT TO PERFORM THIS PLAY UNTIL THEY HAVE THE WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS. THE ROYALTY FEE IS FIVE DOLLARS FOR EACH PERFORMANCE, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ACT I. SITTING ROOM IN FATHER O'NEIL'S HOME. EVENING. ABOUT 7 O'CLOCK.

ACT II. THE SAME. ABOUT 11 O'CLOCK.

ACT III. THE SAME. ONE HOUR LATER.

TIME: PRESENT. PLACE: WILD CAT, COLO.

PLAYING TIME: ABOUT TWO HOURS.

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

THE PASTOR: A kind and big hearted man of about forty years of age. The costume for this character will be found in the text. He uses a slight Irish dialect.

BOB: A big, rough and good natured fellow of about twenty-five years of age. He wears rough pants, tucked into a heavy pair of boots, flannel shirt with handkerchief about his neck, revolver and cartridge belt. When entering from without, he wears in addition to the above a heavy short great-coat.

LADDIE: About twenty-four years of age. Stubborn, surly and self-willed. Costume patterned after Bob's.

GRIZZLY: About forty-five. Big, rough and ready. Bowed legs, red haired and wearing a big drooping mustache. Costume patterned after Bob's with the exception that he wears a great pair of sheep skin "chaps."

MAY: A sweet little Irish lass of about twenty-three. Simple house dresses.

GAD: About fourteen, wild though good at heart. House dress.

MRS. D.: About forty. Stout, grey haired and motherly, albeit a bit stern. House dress.

JOAN: About eighteen. A spoiled child. She dresses a bit better than her neighbors and so considers herself.

The Heart of a Shamrock

ACT I. [*At rise: Gad is discovered before the fireplace, reading a book. The table is set for supper. Mrs. D. enters right with a table lamp.*]

MRS. D. Well, me foin young lady! Don't ye think it's high toim ye took ye nose out of that book and helped me with the supper things?

GAD. I can't stop now.

MRS. D. And why not?

GAD. Daredevil Dick has just shot three Injuns and I want to see if he killed them.

MRS. D. When I tell Father O'Neil about this readin' of yours, he'll give ye all the Daredivils you're looking fer, I'm thinkin'.

GAD. Say, Mrs. Donovan, did you ever meet Daredevil Dick?

MRS. D. I did not; though I have met other divils in me toim, and young wans, too. Now get along and wash ye face; they'll all be in fer supper before we know it.

GAD. Aw! Do I have ter wash me face again? I washed it once this morning.

MRS. D. Then ye'll wash it once again to-night.

GAD. What's de use? It only gets dirty again.

MRS. D. [*Sets the lamp on the table.*] Ye'll wash ye face or ye'll not get a mouthfull to eat. Mind that! [*Exits right.*]

GAD. Aw! I'll bet that Daredevil Dick never washed his face.

MAY. [*Enters D. I. F.*] Good evening, Gad. Phew! It's getting cold. [*She hangs her hat and great coat over the bookcase.*] We'll have snow before morning. What's the matter with ye, Gad? You're looking as black as thunder.

GAD. I've got ter wash my face again. I tell yer, May, washing yer face twice in one day is a dangerous business. I read in a book once that too much of anything ain't good for a person.

BOB. [*Enters D. I. F.*] Phew! But this *is* some weather. Evenin', May. Hello, Gad. How's Daredevil Dick coming on?

MRS. D. [*Off stage right.*] Gad! Gad, I say! Are ye going ter wash ye face?

GAD. Bob, when I grow up to be a big lady, I'm going ter be a bandit. And the very first thing I'm goin' ter do is capture Mrs. Donovan, and then I'm goin' ter make her wash her face ten thousand times a day. [*Exits right.*]

BOB [*Removing his great coat and hanging it on the wall rack*]. How's everything at the school, May?

MAY. Oh, we're getting along just fine. Sure, I'll be after taking in ten more pupils as soon as the holidays have passed.

BOB. Fine! That's great, I say. I said at the start that you could make the thing go. You could make anything go.

MAY. Sure, I've succeeded as a school marm only because ye all have been so kind and trusted me so.

BOB. And why not? Ain't you our May? The playmate of our childhood when we were all kids together at home in the old country? Let's see, how long is it since you came over?

MAY. Almost two years.

BOB. Is it that long? Say, don't the time fly, though?

MAY. Your brother, Father O'Neil, and meself came over just two years ago last month.

BOB. Jim is a fine man; I mean Father. I'm afraid I never will get used to calling him Father, now that he is a priest. To me he will always be my big brother, Jim O'Neil.

MAY. Sure, and that's not surprising.

BOB. No, in a way it's not. Laddie and I came over with my father when we were but five years of age, and Jim—there I go again; I mean Father—stayed at home to go in for the priesthood. He was then a big overgrown chap about eighteen. I can see him now, standing on the dock waving a ragged hat as we sailed away. And so I will see him until the day I die.

MAY. I for one am sure that I can never repay Father O'Neil for all his kindness to me. He has been my constant friend and adviser; always at my side when I needed a friend the most.

BOB [*Filling and lighting his pipe*]. Fine man, Jim. I guess it wont be many days now before you can say, "and he married me, too."

MAY. Married?

BOB. That's what I said. Wasn't it the last wish of your mother that you should marry our Laddie?

MAY. Yes, it was.

BOB. And Jim and I are going to see that it happens.

MAY. Bob, I've been thinking lately that wouldn't it be a terrible thing if mother meant for me to marry someone else, and being sick as she was, said the name Laddie by mistake.

BOB. Why, whom else could she mean?

MAY. I don't know. Can't you think?

BOB. No, she must have meant our Laddie, because anyone with half an eye could have seen that the boy was sweet on you as a kid, even. And now that he is a man, why, it's the talk of every ranch within a hundred miles.

MAY. Sure, I wonder if he does love me.

BOB. Good Lord! You don't doubt it, do you?

MAY. No, no, of course not. I'm just talking to hear the sound of me own voice, I'm thinking. We wouldn't be women if we didn't make a little trouble for ourselves, Bob. [*She unpins a rose from her waist.*] After all, life is much the same as this flower. I grew this in the schoolhouse window where it was warm and sunny. I made a little mistake to-day when I forgot and took it out into the air and sunshine, and now it will die, and all my care of weeks and months is like so much wasted time.

BOB. What has that got to do with life?

MAY. It's like this: we care for a thing and love it for years on end, then one day through very love of the thing we make a little mistake. That one mistake kills.

BOB. What you need is a doctor, my girl. [*They both laugh.*]

MAY. No, Bob; what I need is a friend; now, more than ever before in all my life.

BOB. Great guns! Haven't you got Jim and me, and above all, Laddie?

MAY. There is such a thing as having friends who love you too much. What I need is a friend who will tell me the cold truth, no matter how it hurts.

BOB. Then I'll be that friend, and here's the truth: What you need is some supper and then a warm drink

of something and then put to bed like a spoiled child. [*They both laugh.*] If you knew how nice you were when you laughed, May, that's all you'd do from sunup until it goes to rest.

MAY. Bob, me boy, do you forget that I just came from the land of blarney? Sure, I haven't forgotten its sweet sound.

BOB. Oh, by the way. Turn around shut your hand; I mean shut your eyes and hold out your hand.

MAY [*Obeys*]. Like this?

BOB. That's it. Now when I was over at Columbia to-day I saw a little present in a shop that was just made for you, and here it is. [*He lays a string of Indian beads in her hand.*]

MAY [*Opens her eyes and is greatly surprised*]. Oh, Bob! Are these for me?

BOB. Who would they be for, the cat?

MAY. Sure, a woman must always say that, don't you know? Bob! They're beautiful. [*She takes his head between her hands and kisses him on the forehead.*] A kiss to me big brother, and a world of thanks. [*She exits right, calling:*] Oh, Mrs. Donovan, you should see what Bob has brought me. [*As she exits, she drops her rose.*]

BOB [*Picks up the rose and looks at it*]. Her big brother. Brother! Never will it be more than that. [*He places the rose in a leather pocketbook and tucks it away in his pocket.*]

FATHER O'NEIL [*Enters from left. He is dressed in his gown and beretta*]. And what's out there in the kitchen that is of so much interest?

BOB [*Comes out of his day-dream with a start*]. Oh! Is that you?

FATHER. No, I'm someone else.

BOB [*Laughingly*]. Now wasn't that a fool thing to say? I mean what *I* said, of course.

FATHER [*Crossing to the fireplace*]. It was, and it shows at once that ye have a guilty conscience. Have ye been at my tobacco again?

BOB. No, not to-day.

FATHER. Which means that you have been at it on other days.

BOB. Now see here, Jim—I mean Father—I never will get the hang of that word.

FATHER. Whisper! Since ye have such a hard time rememberin' that I'm a priest. Whisper again! When there's no one about, just call me plain Jimmie O'Neil. I haven't forgotten how to love the auld name, and it brings to me mind our boys' days at home.

BOB [*Bringing his hand down on his brother's shoulder*]. Father O'Neil, you're a brick.

FATHER [*Rubbing his shoulder*]. Maybe I am. Also I'm a human being and have me feelings just like the rest.

BOB [*Laughing*]. You're just the man to win over every man and boy on these ranches for miles around.

FATHER. And that's just why I'm out here, Bob, me boy. [*He sits on the settle.*] Will ye have a segar, Bob?

BOB [*Takes a segar and sits beside him*]. Don't care if I do. [*They both light and smoke.*] I wonder if we are to get any supper to-night. It surely must be after six.

FATHER. Something in me stomach seems to tell me that I could do justice to a square meal.

BOB. I'll see Mrs. Donovan.

FATHER. You'll do nothing of the kind. That lady is not to be spoken to whin she's in her own kitchen.

Cooks and kings, Bob, are the most indepindent people on earth.

MRS. D. [*Off stage right*]. Well, upon me soul! I never heard the loike of this in all me born days. Father O'Neil—Father O'Neil, I say.

FATHER. Bob, something in me bones seems to tell me that supper will be delayed at least a half hour.

MRS. D. [*Enter right*]. Father O'Neil, is it here ye are? [*She is greatly agitated and mops her face with apron.*]

FATHER. Yes, me good soul. Is there any thing amiss?

MRS. D. There is that.

FATHER. Is the kitchen chimney afire again?

MRS. D. It's worse than that. I'm givin' ye me notice.

FATHER. And when are ye going to leave?

MRS. D. I don't know yet, but I've started on me way.

FATHER. Me dear woman, would ye mind just dropping a hint as to what the trouble might be?

MRS. D. I've been insulted in me own kitchen.

FATHER. And who has done this?

MRS. D. Gad. Oh, she's a impident baggage, so she is.

FATHER. And what has she been up to?

MRS. D. It's this way, Father. I'm a peaceable woman, ye can say that fer me.

FATHER. One of the most peaceable in all the world.

MRS. D. Thin it's this way: I say to Gad, sez I, "Wash ye hands and face." Sez Gad to me, sez she, "wash ye own and set me an example."

FATHER. My, my. This is a terrible state of affairs.

MRS. D. I calls it a downright revelution, so I does.

FATHER. We must do something for the child at once.

MRS. D. The sole of an auld shoe layed where it would do the most good was a foin remedy when I waz a gurl. And that ain't so many years ago, naither.

FATHER [*Winking at Bob*]. I must have time to think this matter over.

MRS. D. Take all the toim ye soul wishes fer, only this I will say, there'll be no supper until we have the matter settled.

FATHER. In that case, I need no time to think the matter over at all, at all. [*Walks up to door right.*]

MRS. D. This all comes o' readin' about Deadeye Dick and his band of daredivils.

FATHER. What's this I hear?

MRS. D. It's the truth I'm tellin' ye.

FATHER. And where did she get such a book?

MRS. D. From the devil himself, I make no doubt. Sure, the ways of the auld boy are strange and clever. I've heard me own mother say as much.

FATHER. [*Calls off right.*] Gad. Gad, come here this minute. [*To* BOB *and* MRS. D.] Now mind ye, keep straight faces and don't make me laugh.

MRS. D. I fer one couldn't laugh this minute; no, not if I waz ter be paid fer it.

GAD. [*Enters right.*] Did you call, Father?

FATHER. I did; come here. [*By one of her curls he gently leads her to the center of the room.*] Now, why don't ye obey Mrs. Donovan here?

GAD. Aw, she is always—

FATHER. Silence! Answer me in a word.

GAD. She—

FATHER. Stop! Ye are to call Mrs. Donovan Mrs. Donovan and not "she." Do ye mind?

GAD. Yes, Father.

FATHER. Gad, I'm ashamed of ye. Ashamed! Didn't ye promise me to be the best of little girls if I took ye out here with me?

GAD. Yes, Father.

FATHER. And this is how ye repay me and Mrs. Donovan here who is trying to be a mother to ye. Oh, Gad, ye make me feel ashamed for ye!

GAD [*When she sees that* FATHER *is affected by her conduct, she goes into his arms and breaks down, crying*]. I'm—I'm—sorry.

FATHER. There, that's what I wanted to hear ye say.

GAD. You see I never had no bringin' up when I lived in New York and now I sometimes fergit that I must be a lady like you said.

MRS. D. [*Takes her in her arms and wipes her eyes with her apron*]. There, ye poor child. Come to me arms, Acushla. [*To* FATHER *and* BOB.] I should think that two great strong men loike yeselves would have something better to do than to make a child cry like this. There, there, me darlint.

FATHER [*Aside*]. Bob, there be some men that say they understand women.

MRS. D. We'll be havin' supper now in five minutes.

FATHER. 'Tis a great blessing, Mrs. Donovan. [MRS. D. *and* GAD *cross to door right.*] One minute, Gad. Where is this "Dare Devil Dick" I hear about.

GAD. Where's what, Father?

FATHER. Ye heard what I said. Where is this "Dare Devil Dick"?

GAD. Out under the sink.

FATHER. And that's a fine place for him too. I'll

be askin' ye to let me take a peep at that classic you be readin' so assiduously these days.

[GAD *looks up at* MRS. D.]

MRS. D. Run along and get the book fer Father O'Neil, like a good child.

GAD [*To* FATHER[. You won't scold?

FATHER. We'll be takin' a look at the book first before we promise.

GAD. I want you to promise first.

FATHER. I promise, then.

GAD. All right, I'll get it. [*Exits right.*]

MRS. D. Dear me! Here I stand a talkin' when I bet the supper is burned to a crisp.

FATHER. Then see to it, Mrs. Donovan. 'Twould be a pity to have it burn.

MRS. D. I'll see to it at wance. [*Exits right. When she has gone* FATHER *and* BOB *nudge each other and enjoy a quiet laugh.*]

FATHER. Between Mrs. Donovan and Gad I'll go to an early grave from laughing.

BOB. That Gad is a card.

FATHER. She's a whole deck of them, and the old one is a joker. [*They burst out laughing afresh.*]

BOB. I think it is the greatest thing ever how you came to bring Gad out here.

FATHER. Nonsense! 'Tis the most natural thing in the world, as I'v told ye a thousand times. I found the poor creature almost dead in the streets of New York and says I to meself, "Jimmie O'Neil, here's a chance for ye to do a charitable act and become a family man all at the same time." So I adopted her, as it were, as here she is.

GAD. [*Enters right with a yellow covered novel which she hands to* FATHER.] Here it is, Father.

FATHER. [*Reads the title.*] "Daredevil Dick or The One-eyed Bandit of the Hills." Aw! And that's a pretty title. You'll be reading no more of these things, I'm thinking.

GAD. Aw! Why not?

FATHER. Because I say so. Hereafter I'll furnish ye with all the reading matter ye need. Sure, there are plenty of good books in the world without reading such trash as this.

GAD. Will you get me some book, then?

FATHER. I will; now run along.

GAD. Oh! Gee! That'll be great. [*Runs to door right.*]

FATHER. Just a minute, Gad. I should like to know the name of the person who put such a book in ye hands. 'Tis a piece of my mind they'd get.

GAD [*Pointing to* BOB]. Why, Bob gave it to me.

FATHER. What!

BOB. I guess I'll feed my horse. [*He picks up his hat and coat and exits D. I. F.*]

GAD. Oh! I guess I said too much. [*Exits door right.*]

FATHER. [*Crosses to fireplace. He is about to tear the novel up. He stops.*] Ever since I was a boy I've desired to read one of these things. I guess I'll save it and look it over when I get the time. [*He folds it up and puts it in his pocket.*]

LADDIE. [*Enters D. I. F. He removes his hat and coat.*] Phew!

FATHER. Getting colder, Laddie?

LADDIE. Yes, and there'll be snow before morning.

FATHER [*Crossing to the organ and picking up a book*]. 'Twill be hard on the cattle, I fear.

LADDIE [*In a surly manner*]. I suppose so. [*He goes to fireplace and warms his hands. There is a brief pause and the* FATHER *comes over and lays his hand on* LADDIE'S *shoulder.*]

FATHER. Laddie, me boy; what is it?

LADDIE. [*Turns and speaks in a churlish tone.*] What's what?

FATHER. What has been troubling ye for the week past?

LADDIE. Nothing.

FATHER. There is something, and I have a right to know what it is—to help ye.

LADDIE. You have no right to pry into my private affairs.

FATHER. When I see my brother changed from a light-hearted boy into a morose old man within a week's time, I have not only the right to know the cause, but it is my duty to wipe out that cause if I can.

LADDIE. For heaven's sake, don't begin to preach.

FATHER. Sure, I have no such intentions, Laddie; I'll leave that for Sunday. Come, be a man and tell me what it is.

LADDIE. There is nothing, I tell you.

FATHER. Just forget that I am a priest and remember that I'm your brother—let's have it out, man to man.

LADDIE. It's all very well for you to talk. You're a priest and have things easy here, and—

FATHER. Easy, do ye say? God be praised!

LADDIE. Yes, easy. What have you to do with the world? Saving souls is your business. I don't see why when a fellow is a priest that he should take it upon

himself to interfere in the every-day lives of his fellow-man.

FATHER. There's a bit of truth in what ye say, Laddie, and the Lord deliver me from being what we call in this enlightened day a "butinsky." Saving souls is me business, and so is fighting sin. Now when a man is sick or when he is in trouble, that to me is a mild form of sin, and I'm for giving it a fight.

LADDIE. I can fight my own battle.

FATHER. I'm glad to hear that. 'Tis a weight from me mind.

LADDIE. The whole family seems to think that I am still a boy.

FATHER. I sometimes wish ye were, Laddie. I was only speaking for your own good; I thought you might have been so unfortunate as to get in trouble of some sort.

LADDIE [*Suspiciously*]. What kind of trouble do you mean?

FATHER. 'Twas of the Crystal Palace I'm thinking. You spend a great deal of ye time there, Laddie, that you'll admit.

LADDIE. Well, and what if I do?

FATHER. Sure, the place is nothing but a gambling hell, and the company ye must meet there cannot as a matter of course be the best in the world.

LADDIE. If you're going to start that again, I'll just look for another place to live.

FATHER. Don't be a fool, Lad. Listen to me, just a minute. For the last week or more ye have been another man entirely. I can't make out what it is and

ye won't tell me. When ye find, Lad, that ye are out in the deep waters, come to me, not as a priest, and I'll help ye as becomes a brother. [*Crosses to door right.*] No one ever came to Jimmie O'Neil when he wouldn't lend a hand and the Father O'Neil is that same. [*Exits right.*]

JOAN [*Enters D. I. F.*]. Hello, people! Am I late for supper? [*She hangs up her hat and coat.*]

LADDIE [*Greatly changed from his gloomy manner, he is pleased and animated when in the presence of* JOAN]. Joan! I didn't expect you over to-night.

JOAN. I'm not like your friend May, Laddie. I'm not afraid of the weather.

LADDIE.—Come and sit down by the fire.

JOAN [*Sitting before the fire*]. Thanks. Where is everybody?

LADDIE. Out in the kitchen, I guess.

JOAN. Aren't you going to call them in?

LADDIE. Not so as you could notice it, I'm not. I don't often get the chance of having you all to myself.

JOAN. Now don't begin that again. Don't make love to me. If there is one thing I detest more in this world than another, it's a mushy man.

LADDIE. You'll drive me wild yet.

JOAN. Now don't be a boy.

LADDIE [*His surliness returning*]. If loving you is being a boy, then I'm a boy.

JOAN. Don't you think you're a bit presumptuous, making love to me when you are already engaged?

LADDIE. I'm not engaged.

JOAN. Oh, but you are, you see. It was the wish of

May's mother that you and she should wed, and Father O'Neil brought her over here for that purpose.

LADDIE. And I suppose I have nothing to say in the matter, eh?

JOAN. Have you told her that you will not marry her?

LADDIE. No. But promise me that you will be my wife and I'll tell her to-night.

JOAN. I'll promise nothing of the sort. You must take a chance if you hope to win a prize.

LADDIE. I will have you, if it's the last thing I do on earth.

JOAN [*Laughs*]. You see I am not like our Irish rose, May. I am not to be won for the asking. The man I marry must be a man who can do things. Why, you haven't even a position and you talk of taking a wife.

LADDIE. Joan, you'll go too far with that kind of talk.

JOAN. Now, my nice little boy, don't try to frighten me with your wild looks and big words. I don't scare worth a cent.

LADDIE. Why I—

JOAN. Now keep cool and listen to me. Your relations may have to stand for your boorishness and bad manners, but you must remember that I am not so unfortunate as to be among their number.

LADDIE. Then why do you plague me? Why do you hate me?

JOAN. I don't hate you; far from it. And I plague you just to see if I can't plague some ambition into you.

LADDIE. What do you expect me to do, join Crowley and his gang of bandits and hold up a train or something?

JOAN. And why not? Crowley and his gang of bandits are at least men. They *do* things. They don't hang around saloons and gambling places all day and moan at fate because they have no money. They get it.

LADDIE. And you would like to see me like that?

JOAN. I didn't say so; though they at least have the virtue of not being lazy.

LADDIE. Joan, you'll drive me to do something like that, to become like that some day.

JOAN. You a bandit? [*Laughs.*] What a picture!

LADDIE. I have changed already since I first met you. They have all noticed it here in the house and have questioned me about it. They know there is something eating at my heart, though they never guess that it is you.

JOAN. Why don't you tell them?

LADDIE. And be laughed at?

JOAN. Laddie, boy, we may as well understand each other. I have been used to money all my life and I would never make, as you can see, a good mate for a poor man. My advice to you is get the money.

LADDIE. And you wouldn't care if I joined Crowley and his gang and got it that way?

JOAN. You wouldn't dare.

LADDIE. I'd dare anything for you. [*His voice drops into an intense whisper.*] Listen! I know Crowley and his men; I met them at the Palace. I can join them on a minute's notice. Say the word and I'll become one of his men.

JOAN. Is this the truth?

LADDIE. Every word of it.

JOAN. I don't believe it.

LADDIE. Try me and see.

JOAN [*After a pause*]. I dare you.

LADDIE. Do you mean that?

JOAN. Are you weakening already?

LADDIE. Say that you love me.

JOAN. I—I—I—

LADDIE. Say it.

JOAN. I dare you.

LADDIE. I'll do it! To-night!

BOB [*Enters D. I. F. Removes his hat and coat*]. If we don't have one of the worst blizzards before morning, I don't know the weather.

[FATHER, GAD, MAY *and* MRS. D. *enter door right.* MAY *and* MRS. D. *each carry a platter of food; these they place on the table.* LADDIE *goes left.*]

FATHER. Here we are at last. Hello, Joan.

JOAN. Good evening, Father O'Neil.

MAY [*Aside to* LADDIE]. What's the matter, Laddie? Why do ye look so down-hearted?

LADDIE [*Boorishly*]. Oh, it's nothing! [*Exits left.*]

MRS. D. Come now, good people, and set down before the supper gets cold entirely.

[*The company gather about the table.*]

JOAN. What are Crowley and his gang of bandits doing these days, Bob?

BOB. Keeping very quiet for some reason or other.

JOAN. Is that a good sign or a bad one.

[*They are all seated about the table.* LADDIE *enters left and takes his place with the others. All bow their heads as* FATHER *silently asks blessing.* MRS. D. *starts to serve.*]

BOB. It's a bad sign, I take it.

FATHER. How do ye make that out, Bob?

BOB. It shows they are thinking up some new deviltry.

FATHER. Will it go very hard with them if they are caught?

BOB. It will. They'll hang; every mother's son of them.

JOAN [*Alarmed*]. Hang?

MRS. D. Sure, I'll not be gettin' a dacent night's sleep until Bob here has caught the lot of thim. There waz a bad man, the loike of Crowley, and his gang at home in the auld country, I've heard me mother say; and the divils stole auld Widow Corrigan as she lay ashleep wan foin night. They did thot, bed and all. [*General laughter.*]

FATHER. Is that the truth, Mrs. Donovan?

MRS. D. It is, Father, every word.

[GRIZZLY ADAMS *enters D. I. F. He is out of breath from running.*]

ADAMS. Is the sheriff at home?

BOB [*Rising*]. Right here, Grizzly.

ADAMS. You're wanted, Sheriff, over at the Post Office.

BOB [*Getting into his coat*]. Is it important?

ADAMS. It's more than that. Crowley and his men are out.

FATHER. What!

[*Everybody on their feet.*]

ADAMS. Word has just been received down at the station that they are fixin' to hold up the Black Diamond Special when she comes through here.

BOB. I advise you folks to keep in doors, there might be danger and trouble.

ADAMS. I guess they're fixin' to get some of that shipment of gold by the American Express.

MRS. D. If they'll be bullets flyin' about, I'll spind the night in the cellar.

ADAMS. And that ain't fool's advice neither.

BOB. Grizzly, here's where we finish up the Crowley gang.

[LADDIE *has put on his hat and coat and now comes down and speaks to* JOAN *aside.*]

LADDIE. Say that again.

JOAN. Say what?

LADDIE. What you said before.

JOAN [*A bit frightened*]. You heard me then.

LADDIE. Who's backing down now?

JOAN [*With a return of her old fire*]. I dare you, then; I dare you!

LADDIE. I'll do it. [*He starts for D. I. F.*]

BOB. Where are you going, Laddie?

LADDIE. To the devil. [*Exits.*]

BOB. Come on, Grizzly.

GRIZZLY. Right!

[BOB *exits, followed by* ADAMS.]

FATHER. Poor men, my heart goes out to them.

GAD. It serves them right if they're caught. They're robbers, ain't they?

FATHER. That may be, Gad, but they are human beings and brothers to us all.

GAD. Don't they kill and steal?

FATHER. Perhaps. But they are men of flesh and blood and children of God, and God help them, they're just mistaken, that's all.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

A FEW HOURS LATER.

[*At rise:—The table has been cleared.* MRS. D. *is discovered seated before the fire, sound asleep, her stockings and darning in her lap.* FATHER *enters, removes his hat and great coat, comes down stage and looks at* MRS. D. *for an instant.*]

FATHER. Mrs. Donovan—Mrs. Donovan.

MRS. D. [*Comes out of sleep with a start and vigorously resumes her knitting*]. Have ye returned, Father O'Neil?

FATHER. Just this minute. Have ye been asleep?

MRS. D. Not a bit of it. I have a habit of sitting with me eyes shut when I am deep in thought.

FATHER. I understand.

MRS. D. Did ye see Joan safely home?

FATHER. I did. Is Gad abed?

MRS. D. For this hour past. Is there any news of Crowley and his gang?

FATHER. Not a word.

MRS. D. Thin I'll be after goin' to me bed.

FATHER. I'll take a look about the church and I'll be doing that same. Good night, Mrs. Donovan.

MRS. D. Good night, Father, and God bless ye.

[FATHER *exits left.* MAY *enters right.*]

MAY. Are you still up, Mrs. Donovan?

MRS. D. The saints look down upon us! And Mary, child, and what are ye doin' out of bed at this hour?

MAY. Sure, I couldn't sleep at all. I just laid there with me eyes wide open and thought and thought and thought.

MRS. D. And about what?

MAY. About many things.

MRS. D. Sure, girls are the funny creatures. I don't understand thim and I'm one meself. Well, good night to ye, Acushla. [*Exits right.*]

MAY. Good night, Mrs. Donovan.

MRS. D. [*Is heard yawning off stage right*]. Ah, me! 'Tis a sad world we're livin' in. And it's the lucky wans that get out of it alive.

[MAY *exits left.* GAD *enters fully dressed, but with a quilt wrapped about her.*]

GAD. Gee, but it's cold and I can't sleep a wink. I wonder what Father O'Neil did with my "Dare Devil Dick." [*She comes down to the fireplace, gets down on her hands and knees and looks under the settle.* LADDIE *enters D. I. F. He does not see* GAD *and is greatly agitated. He goes to bookcase and from behind it he takes a Winchester rifle.* GAD *looks up and sees him.*] Hello, Laddie.

LADDIE [*Starts at the sound*]. What the devil are you doing up at this hour?

GAD [*Frightened*]. Why, Lad.

LADDIE. Answer me.

GAD. I—I—I—couldn't sleep.

LADDIE.—Where is everybody?

GAD. In bed, I guess.

LADDIE.—Now you listen to me. If anyone asks you whether you have seen me; you haven't, you understand?

GAD. What's the matter?

LADDIE. None of your business. If you want to keep out of trouble, just remember that you haven't seen me. Now get to bed.

[MAY *enters left. She takes in the situation and crosses unobserved to D. I. F.*]

GAD. All right, Laddie, I'll go. [*She goes to door right.*]

LADDIE. You mustn't be frightened, Gad. You see, this is just a joke on Bob. You won't tell anyone that you saw me, will you?

GAD. N-n-n-n-o.

LADDIE.—Then go to bed like a good kid.

GAD. All right, Laddie.

LADDIE. Why do you look at me like that?

GAD. I-I-I-don't know. There's something in your eyes that frightens me. G-g-g-g-g-ood night.

[*She exits door right.* LADDIE *starts to exit D. I. F., when he meets* MAY *standing at the door. He starts back.*]

LADDIE. You!

MAY [*In a semi-whisper*]. Laddie. What is it?

LADDIE. What's what? What do you mean?

MAY. Why did ye frighten Gad?

LADDIE. I was only fooling with the child.

MAY. There's something more than that behind your actions; I can read it in your face.

LADDIE. You can read too much for your own good.

MAY. Has anything happened to Bob?

LADDIE. How should I know? I'm not his keeper.

MAY. Laddie, your brother Father O'Neil and the others expect us to be man and wife some day—

LADDIE. Well, what of it?

MAY. You're not the same Laddie we all loved; you're not the same this last week past. What is it, Laddie boy. If it's trouble ye are in, sure who has a better right to help ye than meself?

LADDIE. Confound it! Must the whole family attend to my private affairs?

MAY. It's because we all love ye.

LADDIE. Ye'll all do better to keep your love until I ask it.

MAY. Do ye mean that? Do ye realize what those words mean?

LADDIE. I know what I am saying. Now stand away from that door.

MAY. It means the end between you and me, Laddie.

LADDIE. Take it any way you want to.

MAY. Remember, then, 'tis you that breaks the engagement, Laddie, and not I. And ye'll be breakin' the hearts of all of us next.

LADDIE. I know my own business best. I'm not a boy.

MAY. Ye were in your heart until ye made companions of drunkards and gamblers. Now go. And whatever it is ye are up to, may God watch over and keep ye from harm and wrongdoing. [*She stands aside from the door as* LADDIE *goes up to it.*]

LADDIE. If you have one spark of love in your heart for me, May, tell no one that I have been here since supper time.

[*He exits D. I. F. When he has gone,* MAY *closes the door after him and leans against it, her head in her arms, crying softly to herself.* FATHER *enters left.*]

FATHER. I thought I heard Laddie's voice.—May—Acushla—child—what is it?

MAY. Sure, I'm just exercising a woman's right and am having a nice little cry all to meself.

FATHER. And what about, child?

MAY. And what does a woman usually cry about?

FATHER. Many things, I always thought.

MAY [*Smiling through her tears*]. That's because you're a man. Here's a bit of feminine philosophy, Father: A woman when she has something to cry about, is always brave and never sheds a tear. And when she has nothing to cry about, she cries because she has nothing to cry about.

FATHER. Then cry no more, me dear. You're sweeter when you smile.

MAY. That's what Bob said.

FATHER. Did he, though? And now whisper! How are ye and our Laddie getting on?

MAY. Haven't you noticed?

FATHER. I've noticed that the boy is deeply in love with ye, sure we all see that.

MAY. You've noticed nothing else?

FATHER. Yes; I've noticed that the boy has not been himself for these ten days past. And it worries me, too, it worries me greatly. Ah, well! Perhaps he has a lesson to learn, we all do, ye know, 'tis the way of nature.

MAY. If he has a lesson to learn, I hope he can learn it without harm to himself.

FATHER. I have talked with him on the subject; now we can only hope and pray. [*He looks at his watch.*] Upon me soul, it is close to eleven o'clock. Come, May, ye must not be missin' your beauty sleep.

MAY. Sure, I had no idea it was that late hour. Good night, Father.

FATHER. Good night, me child. [MAY *exits right.* FATHER *locks the D. I. F., humming softly to himself. He takes off his frock coat and in his shirt sleeves he*

sits before the fire. He takes the yellow covered novel from his pocket, tucks it under his arm and then lights his segar.] Now we'll have a look at "Dare Devil Dick" and his gang of one-eyed dare devils. [*Opens book and reads.*] "Bang! Bang! Bang! Three shots rang out on the midnight air and twenty-five redskins fell dead in their tracks."—Three shots and he kills twenty-five. That man was a good shot.—"Revenge! Revenge! Revenge! shouted our hero and he danced the Highland Fling."—Sure, it starts out interesting, I will say that for it. [*A shot is heard in the distance, off stage.* FATHER *is on his feet in an instant.*] The saints look down upon us. What was that? [*He goes to the window and looks out.*] Sure, I might as well be killed as scared to death in this way. [*He resumes his reading at the fire. There is a pause.*] "'Now,' said Dare Devil Dick"— [*There is a knock at the door.* FATHER *quickly puts the book in his pocket and opens the door.* ADAMS *enters.*]

ADAMS. All quiet about here?

FATHER. Everything's as still as a mouse; in fact, it's as still as a couple of mice.

ADAMS. Did you hear a shot a while ago?

FATHER. I did.

ADAMS. Guess I'll be gettin' home to bed.

FATHER. Has anything been heard of Crowley and his gang?

ADAMS. The Black Diamond Special went through here over an hour ago, though Sam Williams says that the Sheriff and the boys met the gang up above the water tank a while back and caught Crowley with the goods.

FATHER. Anyone hurt?

ADAMS. Not a soul, Sam says. Funny about that shot, wasn't it?

FATHER. How do you account for it?

ADAMS. There's only one accountin'—the boys must have missed one of them and then they spotted some feller gettin' away and they took a shot at him. Well, good night, Father.

FATHER. Good night, Grizzly. [ADAMS *exit and* FATHER *closes and locks the door after him.*] Now for me "Dare Devil Dick." [*Goes to fire and continues to read. There is another knock at the door.*] At this rate I won't have the book finished for a year or more. Who's there?

VOICE [*Calls through the crack in the door.*] Open! Quick! For God's sake.

[FATHER *opens the door and* LADDIE *stumbles into the room. He has been wounded in the left hand, which is bound in a handkerchief.*]

FATHER [*Locking the door.*] Laddie! In the name of heaven, boy, what is it?

LADDIE. Put out the light and lock the door. [*He falls into the chair down left.* FATHER *blows out the lamp; the room is in semi-darkness.*]

FATHER. What has happened? You've been shot. Who has done this?

LADDIE. That damned brother of mine.

FATHER. Laddie! Mind what ye are saying.

LADDIE. I know what I'm saying, well enough. He did it and it will be him that puts the hangman's noose about my neck.

FATHER. Laddie, you can't know what ye are saying.

LADDIE. Don't I, though? With this hand I can't get five miles without their tracking me down.

FATHER. Tell me what has happened.

LADDIE. I was riding with Crowley and his men to-night.

FATHER. Laddie? You? My brother a hold-up man, a thief?

LADDIE. There you go, preaching again. It was your everlasting and infernal treating me as if I were a child that drove me on to this. I wanted to show you all that I was a man.

FATHER. You mean, you wanted money and didn't want to work for it.

LADDIE. What does it matter, so long as I was willing to gamble with death to get it?

FATHER. Poor May. Poor little May.

LADDIE. Oh, she'll get over it, and besides I'm not worrying about her. I have myself to think of now. It means a short shift and a tight rope if they find me here.

FATHER. Does Bob know that ye—

LADDIE. I don't think so. He and the boys cornered us down at the water tank—there was a fight—three of Crowley's men were shot and two of the posse went down. I alone escaped.—I came back here for my rifle, intending to get away, when I ran into the posse and their prisoners. One of Crowley's men, like a fool, called out to me—I ran for it—I turned just in time to see Bob fire and—oh—confound this hand of mine—if they hadn't winged me I'd have shown them a trick or two.

FATHER. Then you wasn't in the fight?

LADDIE. No.

FATHER. Have ye ever rode with Crowley and his men before?

LADDIE. No.

FATHER. Thank God for that. You're still clean and I can help ye.

LADDIE. You'll have a hard job of it, the hardest you ever tackled in your life. This means the rope, I tell you.

FATHER [*Pointing to door left*]. Go into the church and wait for me there.

LADDIE [*Rising*]. And all this for a woman, and one who maybe doesn't love me at that.

FATHER. You know May loves ye and please be man enough to keep the blame of this from her innocent head.

LADDIE [*Walks to door left*]. I don't mean May. I have ceased to love her long ago; there is another now.

FATHER. And May?

LADDIE. Can only be my friend and sister, and even in that way I guess I don't deserve her.

FATHER. Why didn't ye tell me this long ago? Oh, Laddie, I don't deserve this; ye didn't play the game fair; ye didn't play up like a true O'Neil. [*There is a knock at D. I. F.*] Sh-h-h-h-h-h-h! Go into the church.

LADDIE. If it's Bob, you can tell him for me that I will stand for no fooling. [*He pats his six-shooter.*]

FATHER [*Looking out of the window*]. Go! Don't try to escape by the front door; some of the boys are out there now. [*The knock at the door is repeated.*] Go! [LADDIE *exit door right.* FATHER *opens D. I. F.*] Come in.

BOB [*Enters*]. Hello. Are you still up?

FATHER. I've been waiting to hear the news.

BOB [*Hanging up his coat*]. Caught them all, that is,

all but one. You haven't seen a stray bandit about, have you?

FATHER [*As he lights the lamp*]. And what would a bandit be doing here?

BOB. Well, you never can tell.

FATHER. And do ye think I'd keep him here?

BOB. And why not? You're big hearted enough to— [*Looks down at the floor.*] I thought so! There's his tracks now. I had an idea I saw him go through this door. [*Draws his six-shooter and points it at door left.*] Come out! Come out, whoever you are, and keep your hands above your head.

LADDIE [*Enters with his hands upraised*]. Well?

BOB [*Starts back in great surprise*]. Laddie!

LADDIE. Well?

BOB. I can't believe it.

LADDIE. Well, it's true, if that's any satisfaction.

FATHER. Bob, Bob, ye won't give him up; you'll let him go?

BOB. Your duty was to save him if you could; mine is to—to hand him over to the law.

LADDIE [*To* FATHER]. Didn't I tell you he'd be the first one to put the rope around my neck?

FATHER. Don't say that, Laddie, I can't bear it.

BOB. I'd sooner Crowley had put one of his bullets into me when we had the fight out there, than to have had to come home and face this.

LADDIE. Talk's cheap.

BOB. God! What have I done, that this should be upon me?

LADDIE. Never mind praying; get the business over as soon as possible.

FATHER. Bob, is there no hope?

BOB. None. I must give him up, even though it tears the heart out of me. Laddie, boy, why, why did you do it?

LADDIE. You're the sheriff, not the judge.

FATHER. He committed no crime, he wasn't even with the hold-up men. Neither to-night nor any other time.

BOB. He'll have to explain that to the judge. He was recognized by one of them.

LADDIE. Tell it to the judge? Yes, Judge Lynch. Don't look for hope, Jim, where there is none.

FATHER. With God, there is always hope. I'll go into the church and pray. [*Exit door left.*]

[MAY *enters door right. She listens, unobserved by the others.*]

LADDIE. Well, what are you going to do with me?

BOB. Hand you over.

LADDIE. And see me hang?

BOB. If you are innocent—

LADDIE. All the evidence in the world would never convince these half-civilized ranchmen.

BOB. Laddie, boy, it's my duty, can't you see it?

LADDIE. I can see that you're looking for glory and with me out of the way, you will have a clear field for May.

BOB [*His anger getting the better of him*]. Don't say that, Lad. Don't! Or I'll bend this gun across your head.

LADDIE. If that bunch of cut-throats are out there, call them in. I want to get this thing over as soon as possible.

BOB. Oh, Lad! Can't you see? You have broken the hearts of all of us. [*He drops into a chair and buries*

his face in his hands. With a flash-like movement LADDIE *draws his own six-shooter and covers* BOB.]

LADDIE. Now if that bunch expect to take me alive, they'll have to fight like hell!

BOB. Don't be a fool, Lad. Put that gun down.

LADDIE. Don't you make a bad move or I'll fire.

BOB. I wish you would. Shoot! In God's name, shoot. It will be easier to die than to hand my own brother over to the law as a thief and a hold-up man.

LADDIE [*Blind with rage*]. Don't drive me too far or I will.

BOB. If you have a spark of manhood left—shoot!

LADDIE. By heaven! I will—

MAY [*Coming between them and speaking very quietly*]. No, Laddie, you will not.

BOB. May!

LADDIE. Do you think I will go to the slaughter these fellows are fixing for me, without a fight?

MAY. You have broken the law.

LADDIE. I am innocent.

MAY. Then prove it.

LADDIE. That gang will never believe me. They think I am one of Crowley's men and that's enough to hang me.

MAY. Bob, can ye let him go until this thing blows over and he can come back and prove himself an innocent man?

BOB. Don't ask me that, May. My duty is plain before me. I must hand him over and to-night.

LADDIE [*To* MAY]. There! Are you satisfied? Before I'll let him give me up, I'll— [*Raises his six-shooter.*]

MAY. Laddie! Give me that gun.

LADDIE. Do you think I am a fool?

MAY. No, but I think that deep in your heart there is still a spark of manhood. Give me that gun. [*He hands her his six-shooter, which she passes to* BOB.] Bob, will ye let him go?

BOB. Don't ask me to do that, May. Anything in the world but that.

MAY. Think of what he means to me, Bob. Think. It is I, your old friend—the girl who—who—respects you, asks it. For my sake, Bob.

BOB. Do you know what you are asking, May?

MAY. Yes.

BOB. I have given my word to do my duty as a sheriff and if I let him go I am breaking my word.

MAY. You need not break your word. Let him go for six months, until the fire in the hearts of these men has died out. Then he will come back and stand trial.

BOB. For your sake, then. [*To* LADDIE.] Do you promise to come back in six months?

LADDIE. I promise.

BOB. By the honor of our dead mother, do you swear?

LADDIE. I swear.

BOB. Then here's your gun.—Here's some money. At the side door of the church you will find my horse. Wait in the church for five minutes. I will call the boys in here and then you can go.

[LADDIE *holds out his hand to* BOB.]

BOB. When you come back, I will take it. Not now.

LADDIE [*Holds out his hand to* MAY]. May.

MAY [*Takes his hand*]. Good bye, Laddie—and it is for a longer good bye than ye dream of now.—Good bye and God bless and keep ye.

LADDIE. Good bye. [*He exits left.* BOB *drops into a*

chair and buries his head in his arms across the table. MAY *goes to him and lays her hand on his shoulder.*]

MAY What is it, Bob? [*She kneels beside him.*]

BOB. May, I have broken my word to my fellow man.

MAY. No, ye have not, Bob, as time will show.

BOB. Poor Laddie, my heart goes with him, just like your own, poor May.

MAY. My blessing goes with him, Bob, but my heart stays here.

BOB. Your heart stays here?

MAY. 'Tis true, Bob. Do ye know what I mean.

BOB. I can only think of one thing.

MAY. And that is?

BOB. Until Laddie comes back, I cannot look my fellow man in the eye. I'll go away until the boy comes back and proves his innocence. It will be easier that way.

MAY. Will you go alone?

BOB. Alone.

MAY. Ye wouldn't be wantin' to take a wife with ye?

BOB. Take a wife with me?

MAY. 'Tis lonesome traveling alone, I've heard.

BOB. Where is there a woman who would marry me?

MAY. I know one. She's not a very good one, but then she'll do in a pinch.

BOB. Do I know her?

MAY. I think so. A great many people thought she loved your brother Laddie, and so she did, but only as a brother, and he loved her only as a sister.

BOB [*As one in a dream*]. May! May! What are you trying to tell me?

MAY. Do ye mind the stupid man! Sure, I'm trying

to tell ye now, as I have for the last six months, that—*I love ye!*—Now it's out and a bad job I have made of it.

BOB. May! Mine! [*He folds her in his arms.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

ONE HOUR LATER.

[*At rise:—A clock in another room chimes the hour of twelve. Father O'Neil in beretta and gown sits before the fire, smoking.*]

FATHER. What a night this has been. What a terrible night. Poor Laddie—poor boy. [*He takes a handkerchief from his pocket and puts it to his eyes.*] Poor May—poor Bob—poor me—poor all of us. [*He puts the handkerchief back and brings out the yellow novel.*] "Dare Devil Dick." [*He tosses the book into the fireplace.*] Sure, the thing would be tame readin' after what I've been through these past few hours.

JOAN [*Enters D. I. F.*]. Father O'Neil.

FATHER. Is that ye, Joan?

JOAN. Yes, father.

FATHER. What is it, child? You look ill.

JOAN [*Is agitated and greatly alarmed*]. Bob was over to our house. I heard of the fight to-night and I made him tell me about Laddie.

FATHER. Well, and what of the Lad?

JOAN. He is innocent. Oh, Laddie! Father! What have I done. [*She drops on the settle and breaks out crying.*]

FATHER. There, child, you must not take on like this.

JOAN. It's all my fault, all of it. I'm selfish, a selfish little beast, and heaven alone knows what else I'll be before this night's work is done.

FATHER. Joan, if ye know anything that can help the boy, you must be calm and tell me.

JOAN. It's all my fault and I'm sorry. Oh, what wouldn't I give to undo it all. It's all my fault.

FATHER. So you've said for the fifth time. Now tell me what is your fault and how it happens to be so.

JOAN. I know you will hate me when you hear it.

FATHER. Hate ye? Sure that, child, is an impossible thing.

JOAN. Does Laddie hate me? Tell me, did he say so?

FATHER. Joan, I assure ye that you are wasting time going on like this, if ye know ought that will help the lad.

JOAN. Promise me that you won't despise me if I tell you.

FATHER. I promise, me child.

JOAN. I drove Laddie to join Crowley and his gang.

FATHER. What!

JOAN. I drove him to it. It's all my fault. I dared him, I made him do it.

FATHER. Why?

JOAN. Because I love him.

FATHER. Love him? Good heavens! Does he love *you?*

JOAN. Yes, Father. That is, he did, but he surely must hate me now. I don't see how he can help it.

FATHER. He loves *you?* Oh, what a blind bat of a man I have been.

JOAN. Where is Laddie now? Send for him. I will tell all I know and they will believe me. I can save him.

FATHER. I'm afraid, Joan, that it is too late.

JOAN. Too late?

FATHER. He is on his way to Canada.

JOAN. Oh, what have I done.

FATHER. I don't know, ye haven't told me yet.

JOAN. He made love to me here in this room to-night, and because I was selfish and vain, because I was cruel and knew he loved me—I laughed at him. I told him that he would have to have a fortune if he expected to win me. I told him that he wasn't a man in my eyes, and wouldn't be until he had done a man's work.

FATHER. Yes.

JOAN. It was then he told me that he knew Crowley, and that if I wouldn't have him, he would join the gang. I think it was that. I only know that I laughed at him and dared him to do so. I told him to join Crowley and prove that he was a man. I was a selfish, romantic fool, and this is my punishment.

FATHER [*Shaking his head in a sad study*]. Joan, Joan.

JOAN. And now, you hate me. Oh, you must, you all must.

FATHER. I'm only sorry for ye, Joan. From the bottom of me heart, it grieves me to see ye suffer.

JOAN. Is there no hope?

FATHER. There is always hope, me girl. That is God's greatest gift to His children.

JOAN [*With bowed head*]. Thank you, Father. Thank you. [*Crosses left.*] I'll go into the church and pray for Laddie. [*Exit door left.*]

FATHER [*Looking after her*]. Poor child.—And May. How will I ever have the courage to tell her that Laddie loves Joan. Jimmie O'Neil, as a matchmaker you're a failure.

MRS. D. [*Enters right. She is fully dressed, but wears a nightcap*]. Father O'Neil, I'll be wantin' to know if I am to get a night's shleep this night a-tall, a-tall.

FATHER. Has something disturbed ye, Mrs. Donovan?

MRS. D. I don't mind tellin' ye, Father, that somethin' has. I've heard nothin' but strange noises and voices goin' on continual since I laid me head on me piller over six hours ago.

FATHER. A lot can happen in six hours.

MRS. D. The truth I'll give ye fer them words. What from the mumble and grumble of noises I've heard this night, sez I to meself, sez I, it's a wake they're havin' and never a word have they told me about it.

ADAMS [*Enters D. I. F.*]. Phew! This is sure cold weather. Good evenin', Father. Evenin', Mrs. Donovan.

MRS. D. The top of that same to ye, Grizzly.

FATHER. Do ye want to see me, Mr. Adams?

ADAMS. I did. One of them hold-up men that was in the fight to-night is wounded pretty bad. I guess he's about fixin' to cash in his chips. He's been askin' for you.

FATHER. Where is he?

ADAMS. Over at Simpson's.

[MRS. DONOVAN *hands* FATHER *his hat and coat.*]

FATHER. I'll go to him at once. [*Walks to door left.*]

ADAMS. Do you want me to wait for you?

FATHER. I'd rather go alone, thanks. I'll go right out through the church. [*Exit door left.*]

ADAMS. Fine man, Mrs. Donovan.

MRS. D. Mrs. Donovan? My, but ain't we polite.

ADAMS [*Putting his arm about her*]. Delia, you're a wonderful woman.

MRS. D. I'm a poor lone widdie, that's what I am.

ADAMS. You're as handsome as a picture and I'll kiss the book on that.

MRS. D. And ye're the boy wid the blarney and *I'll* kiss the book on that.

ADAMS. Have you told Father O'Neil about our engagement yet?

MRS. D. Divil a word. That's fer ye to do.

ADAMS. I would have done it long ago, but I'm afraid he'll throw me out of the door.

MRS. D. And ain't ye the poor delicate thing? [*She goes out of his embrace and sits on the settle. He sits beside her and again puts his arm about her.*] Have ye no other place fer yer arm?

ADAMS. This is the most comfortable.

MRS. D. 'Tis meself that thinks ye're well named Grizzly Adams. Ye grow more like a bear every day.

ADAMS. How's that?

MRS. D. Ye're niver happy unless ye're huggin'. [ADAMS *laughs loudly and gives her a great hug.*] Go along wid ye. Are ye tryin' to break in me ribs?

ADAMS. You're a fine old gal.

MRS. D. Old, is it? Old? I'll have ye understand I'm not old.

ADAMS. Now we've had a spat like a regular pair of lovers. [*He wipes his mouth with the back of his sleeve.*] Now let's kiss and make up.

MRS. D. I'll do nothin' of the sort.

ADAMS. You will or I'll steal it.

MRS. D. If ye try it, I'll scream like the divil.

[ADAMS *quickly takes her about the waist and gives her a sound kiss.*]

ADAMS. Sweet as honey, by thunder! Well, why didn't you scream?

MRS. D. How could I scream when ye took the breath out of me?

MAY [*Enters door right*]. Did ye call, Mrs. Donovan?

MRS. D. I did not, me darlint. Why ain't ye in bed? [*To* ADAMS, *under her breath.*] Move over. [ADAMS *jumps to the end of the settle.*]

MAY. I can't make up me mind to go to bed, somehow or other.

MRS. D. 'Tis many a day since this house has been up at this hour. [*To* ADAMS.] Do ye mind tellin' me what ye are doin' over here at this hour of the night fer, anyway?

ADAMS [*Surprised*]. Well, as I came over to fetch Father O'Neil and it being a cold night, I thought you might make me a cup of tea.

MRS. D. Why didn't ye say that in the first place? Come along to the kitchen then. May, me darlint, your nice warm bed is the place fer ye. [*Exit right.*]

ADAMS [*Follows her to the door and then turns to* MAY]. May, can you keep a secret?

MAY. I don't know; I'm Irish, remember, and ye know our reputation in that direction.

ADAMS. I'll risk it. In a few weeks Mrs. Donovan will be Mrs. Grizzly Adams. Ain't that a bear of a name? [*He chuckles at his own joke, crooks his elbow at* MAY *and exit right.*]

BOB [*Enters D. I. F.*]. Hello, Honey. I thought you went to bed an hour ago.

MAY. It's no use, Bob, I can't sleep.

BOB. You must get rest, child, or you'll be down on a sick bed. [MAY *sighs and sits on the end of the settle, looking into the fire.* BOB *sits beside her.*] Ain't you happy, girl?

MAY. Happy, Bob, dear? Sure, I never was happier in all me life.

BOB. When will we go away?

MAY. Whenever ye say, Bob. Your people are to be my people, ye know—your home, my home.

BOB. I don't think it's half fair in me to drag you away from all these folks you love.

MAY. But I love ye best of all and my place is by your side. Bob, it was selfish of me to ask ye to let Laddie go; it's made a big change in ye, boy, I can see that.

BOB. Let's say no more about it. It was through that that I won you, and after all you are all that matters in this world to me now.

MAY. You're brave, Bob. You're good. And I love ye. [*He takes her hand in his and kisses it.*]

BOB. I guess I'll take another look at the stock and then we'd better turn in. [*He goes up to D. I. F.*]

MAY. Don't be long.

BOB. I'll try not to. [*Exit.*]

FATHER [*Enters D. I. F., at the same time calling to*

Bob]. Hurry back, Bob, I have news for ye. May, me child, I have news for ye. [*Hangs up his hat and coat.*]

May. Good or bad?

Father. Both. Oh, what a day this has been. Sure, Dare Devil Dick himself never saw the like the best days of his life.

May. But the news?

Father [*Sitting beside her*]. I'm coming to that. One of Crowley's men died to-night. He sent for me and I did all in me power to make his last few minutes here as peaceful as possible. I stayed with him and prayed until the end. Before he passed away he gave me this letter. [*Takes a scrap of paper from his pocket.*]

May. What is it?

Father. It is sort of a confession, to be read to all the world.

May. What's it about?

Father. In this he tells that our Laddie never was a member of their gang, that he never was in one piece of crooked business and that he wasn't with them to-night.

May [*Overjoyed*]. Father, can this be true?

Father. It is, every word, and it's down here in black and white. Ye see the Lad intended to do a desperate act of some kind, but the hand of heaven stopped him just in time.

May. And Bob, Bob! Won't he be overjoyed?

Father. Now should anyone cast a reflection upon our Laddie, this letter will set them right. As for the Lad himself, I make no doubt he has learned his lesson.

May. How did the man come to make the confession?

FATHER. That's the strangest part of it. Joan Corrigan got him to do it.

MAY. Joan?

FATHER. Somehow or other she heard about Laddie and when she heard this man was dying, she went to him and had him tell the truth on paper.

MAY. What a wonderful girl she is.

FATHER. Yes. And now for the sad news.

MAY. Never mind that. We must find Laddie first.

FATHER. One thing at a time. I'll have to get this bad news out of me system before I do another thing.

MAY. Is it so terribly bad?

FATHER. It is. May, me dear, try to be brave.

MAY. Oh, what is it?

FATHER. Laddie don't love ye. He loves Joan Corrigan. There, it's out.

MAY. Sure, and is that all?

FATHER. Is that all!

MAY. That's no news. I knew that months ago.

FATHER [*Coming to his feet*]. What!

MAY. I'll tell ye some real news, if ye want to hear it. I love Bob and Bob loves me.

FATHER. The saints look down upon us.

MAY. And here's some more. Mrs. Donovan and Grizzly Adams are engaged to be married.

FATHER. Upon me soul, I'm getting dizzy.

MAY. And here's some more.

FATHER. No more; I can't stand it, and besides I have business in the church. [*Exit left.*]

LADDIE [*Enters D. I. F.*]. May. [*He stands in the doorway with bowed head.*]

MAY [*Delighted*]. Laddie! Ye have come back?

LADDIE. Yes. To ask you to forgive me, to ask Bob to forgive me, to ask forgiveness of you all.

MAY. Oh, I'm so glad.

LADDIE. I just couldn't go away like that when I realized what Bob was giving up to let me go.

MAY. Laddie, boy, ye never did a nobler thing in all your life, than this.

LADDIE. Way out there under the winter stars I fought it out all alone, and when I thought of Him who prayed all alone in the Garden of Gethsemane, I knew that God was on my side and if I had done wrong my place was back here where I could make atonement. So I came back.

MAY [*Holds out her hand, which he takes*]. Now you're our old Laddie.

LADDIE. Not the old Laddie, but a better one, I hope. May, I have lived ten years in the past few hours. Do you forgive me, May?

MAY. With all my heart.

LADDIE. Some day perhaps you will understand why I—

MAY. Hush, me Lad. I understand a great deal more than ye think.

LADDIE [*Kisses her hand*]. You're too good to me, May. I don't deserve it.

FATHER [*Enters left. He holds out both his hands to* LADDIE]. Laddie.

LADDIE. Jim—Father—Brother. [*He goes into his brother's arms.*]

FATHER. I knew you'd come back, me Lad. I felt it in me heart.

LADDIE. I've come back to face it all out like a man. If I have done wrong I am ready to suffer; I just

couldn't go away and let it all fall on the shoulders of those who loved me best.

FATHER. Spoken like a true O'Neil.

LADDIE. Now tell my brother Bob that I am ready to go with him.

FATHER. Sure, there is no need of that now.

LADDIE. No need of it? Why?

FATHER. You'll find your answer in the church.

LADDIE. But I—

FATHER [*Pushing* LADDIE *before him through door left,* LADDIE *remonstrating all the while*]. In the church, I said. You'll find the answer to all your questions in the third pew from the altar on the St. Joseph side. Get along. [*They exit.*]

MAY [*Getting into her hat and coat*]. I can't wait, I must tell Bob the good news. [*Exit D. I. F.*]

MRS. D. [*Enters right, followed by* ADAMS]. Good night to ye, Grizzly, and plisent dreams. [*She opens D. I. F. so that he might pass out.* FATHER *enters door left.*]

ADAMS. Good night, Delia, me sugar plum. [*He takes her in his arms and kisses her.*]

FATHER [*Aside*]. This is no place for a priest. [*Exit left.*]

MRS. D. Good night, me sweet love. [ADAMS *exit D. I. F.* MRS. D. *closes the door after him and exit right, singing softly to herself.*]

MAY [*Enters D. I. F., followed by* BOB]. I tell ye it's the truth, every word of it.

BOB. Then I'll go to him at once.

MAY. You'd better wait. He's in the church with Father O'Neil this minute.

BOB. May, this seems too good to be true.

MAY. I feel so happy over it meself, I could kiss you half to death.

BOB. Well, I'm not stopping you.

MAY [*Looks about*]. It's a poor Irishman that won't take a chance. [*She throws her arms about* BOB'S *neck and kisses him. He holds her in his arms.* FATHER *enters left.*]

FATHER [*Aside*]. I wonder if an epidemic of hugging has broken out in the town? [*Exit left.*]

MAY. Father O'Neil will be wanting to use this room, so come out in the kitchen and I'll tell ye all about it. [*She takes his hand and leads him.*] Make no noise now. [*They tip-toe off right.*]

FATHER [*Enters left*]. Now the two in the church have caught the habit. [*Sits on the settle.*] Phew! I'm all in, as they say back East. [*A clock chimes one stroke.*] One o'clock. Jimmie O'Neil, this fast life will be the death of ye. [*He stretches himself out on the settle, closes his eyes and is off to sleep in an instant.*]

GAD [*Enters right. She is still fully dressed and wears the quilt about her shoulders*]. I'd like to know what's goin' on down here, I— [*She sees* FATHER *is asleep. She crosses to him and makes sure. She takes the quilt from her shoulders, covers him with it and tip-toes off right.*]

SLOW CURTAIN.

Tompkin's Hired Man

A Drama in Three Acts

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN PRICE, 25 CENTS

This is a strong play. No finer character than Dixey, the hired man, has ever been created in American dramatic literature. He compels alternate laughter and tears, and possesses such quaint ways and so much of the milk of human kindness, as to make him a favorite with all audiences. The other male characters make good contrasts: Tompkins, the prosperous, straightforward farmer; Jerry, the country bumpkin, and Remington, the manly young American. Mrs. Tompkins is a strong old woman part; Julia, the spoiled daughter; Louise, the leading juvenile, and Ruth, the romping soubrette, are all worthy of the best talent. This is a fine play of American life; the scene of the three acts being laid in the kitchen of Tompkin's farm house. The settings are quite elaborate, but easy to manage, as there is no change of scene. We strongly recommend "Tompkin's Hired Man" as a sure success.

CHARACTERS

Asa Tompkins—A prosperous farmer who cannot tolerate deceit.
Dixey—The hired man, and one of nature's noblemen.
John Remington—A manly young man in love with Louise.
Jerry—A half-grown, awkward country lad.
Mrs. Tompkins—A woman with a secret that embitters her.
Julia—A spoiled child, the only daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins.
Louise—The daughter whom Mr. Tompkins believes to be his own.
Ruth—Mr. Tompkin's niece, and a great romp.

Plays about two hours.

SYNOPSIS

Act 1. Sewing carpet rags. "John and I are engaged." "Well, you can disengage yourself, for you'll never be married." "Mrs. Clark, she's took worse." Who makes the cake? Julia declines to sew carpet rags. "It would ruin my hands for the piano or my painting." Dixey to the rescue. "You take the rags a minute, child, and I'll just give that fire a boost." Dixey's story. "It breaks his heart, but he gives her away, an' he promises never teh let her know as how he's her father." Enter Jerry. "Howdy." John gets a situation in the city. Farewell. "It's a dandy scheme, all the same. We'll have our party in spite of Aunt Sarah." "Oh, I'm so happy." The quartette. Curtain.

Act 2. Chopping mince meat. The letter. Louise faints. "How dare you read a paper that does not concern you?" "You have robbed me of my father's love." The mother's story. Dinner. "I swan, I guess I set this table with a pitchfork." "Now, Lambkin, tell Dixey all 'bout it, can't yer?" "It looks zif they'd got teh be a change here purty darned quick, an' zif I'm the feller 'lected teh bring it 'bout." "None o' my bizness, I know, but—I am her father!" "It's love the leetle one wants, not money." "If I'd been a man, I'd never given my leetle gal away." "I'm dead sot on them two prop'sitions." Curtain.

Act 3. Dixey builds the fire. "Things hain't so dangerous when everybodys' got his stummick full." The telegram. "It means that Louise is my promised wife." "By what right do you insinuate that there has been treachery under this roof?" "A miserable, dirty, little waif, picked up on the streets, and palmed off upon my father as his child!" "Oh, my wife, your attitude tells a story that breaks my heart." "Yeh druve her to do what she did, an' yeh haint got no right teh blame her now." "Friend Tompkins, a third man has taken our leetie gal an' we've both got teh larn teh git along without her. We kin all be happy in spite o' them two sentimental kids." Curtain.

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Won Back

A Play in Four Acts

By

CLIFTON W. TAYLEUR

Price, 25 cents

Six male, four female characters. A play written in the same vein as "Held by the Enemy," "Shenandoah," "Across the Potomac," and other great New York successes. Mr. Tayleur has written many successful plays, but this striking picture of the stirring times of the Great Rebellion surpasses them all. Costumes, civil and military of the period. Scenes, two interiors, and one landscape with Confederate camp, easily managed. Time of playing, two hours and thirty minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS

ACT I—Drawing-room, Arlington, Washington—1860

"Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed;
Time rules us all: and life indeed is not
The thing we planned it out, ere hope was dead,
And then, we women cannot choose our lot."

In fetters—The rivals—North and South—The coy widow—A noted duelist—An old affection—The dismissal—The rivals meet—"You shall answer for this"—Farewell.

ACT II—Same Scene—1860

"Who might have been—Ah, what, I dare not think!
We are all changed. God judges for the best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest."

Broken ties—A Vassar girl's idea of matrimony—A Washington sav[illegible]e—Schooling a lover—Affairs of honor—The Northern [illegible]eate—The missing challenge—Betrothed.

ACT III—Drawing-room in New York Hotel—1861

"With bayonets slanted in the glittering light
With solemn roll of drums,
With starlit banners rustling wings of night,
The knightly concourse comes."

To arms! To arms!—Stand by the flag—A woman's duty—A skirmish in the parlor—On to Richmond—Reunited—The passing regiment.

ACT IV—Confederate Camp at Winchester 1864

"No more shall the war cry sever, or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever, when they laurel the graves of our dead."

A cowards' armor—A hand to hand struggle—Hugh captured—Sentenced to be shot—A ministering angel—Harold King's revenge—The attack on the camp—Death of King—After the battle—Won back.

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Santiago

OR

For the Red, White and Blue

A War Drama in Four Acts

By JOHN A. FRASER

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

Capt. Oscar Hutton, U. S. A. In love with Cora..Leading Juvenile
Lieut. Fisk, U. S. A. In love with his duty.....Juvenile bit
Milton Merry, U. S. N. In love with Bess.....Light Comedy
Lieut. Cristobal, S. A. In love with soldiering.....Straight
Dr. Harrison, Red Cross H. S. In love with surgery.....
.....Straight old man
Elmer Walton, banker. In love with Spanish bonds.....
.....Character old man
Phillip Basset, his stepson. In love with Ysobel.....Juvenile
Fernando Diaz, Walton's cashier, afterwards S. A. In love with Cora ..... Heavy
Beverly Brown, Walton's butler, afterwards Red Cross H. S. In love with chickens.....Negro Comedy
Cornelius Dwyer, Walton's coachman, afterwards U. S. A. In love with "Naygurs".....Irish Comedy
Antonio Carlos, a Cuban planter. In love with Spain.....
.....Character old man
Cora Basset, Walton's stepdaughter. In love with Oscar..Juvenile
Bess Walton, Walton's daughter. In love with Milton.....Ingenue
Ysobel Carlos, Antonio's daughter. In love with Phillip....Juvenile
American Soldiers, American Sailors, Spanish Soldiers, Guerillas.

Actual time of playing, two hours.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The ball at Walton's, Washington, D. C. Handsome interior.

ACT II. The Red Cross Hospital. First day's battle of Santiago. Exterior.

ACT III. Scene 1.—Interior Guerilla headquarters in the Sierra Cobra, near Santiago. Scene 2.—Exterior. The underbrush of Sierra Cobra. Scene 3.—Fight in the mountain pass, second day's battle of Santiago. Exterior.

ACT IV. Hotel Tacon, Santiago, on the night of the surrender. Interior.

NOTE.—Walton, Dr. Harrison and Carlos may double easily, and the piece played with nine males, three females.

The best Cuban war play ever written. Easy to produce, but very effective. Thrilling situations, fine comedy, intense climaxes. Comic Irishman and Negro. Three magnificent female parts. Picturesque Spanish villain and heroic juvenile lead. No special scenery is required, as every regular theatre, in its ordinary equipment, has every set called for. Adapted to both professional and amateur companies.

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Joe Ruggles
OR
THE GIRL MINER

A Comedy Drama in Four Acts

By FRANK J. DEAN

Price, 25 cents

Nine male, three female characters. A vigorous, stirring play, depicting peculiar types of life in a large city and in the mining districts of the West. The parts of Joe Ruggles, the miner, Hans Von Bush (Dutch dialect), and Richard Hamilton, the scheming villain, all afford opportunity for clever work; while the part of Madge (soubrette), who afterwards assumes the character of Mark Lynch, is an excellent one for a bright young actress.

Scenery—City street, showing R. R. Station; rocky pass, with set cabins; a wood scene, and two plain interiors. Costumes of the day. Time of playing, two and a half hours.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS

ACT I—Entrance to Railroad Station

Looking for a victim—Joe Ruggles—"Them galoots is worse than grizzlies"—"Morning papers"—Madge and Bess plying their trades—"Can't you sing Joe a song?"—Hamilton and his pal confer—Tom Howarth gains inportant information—"Don't you dare to lay hands on us!"—Hamilton tries to maintain his authority—"Who's Old Joe!"

ACT II—Doomsday's Hotel, Dare-devil's Gulch, California

The landlord secures a guest—Hans disappointed—"Dot is a mistake"—A ghost story—The "Kid and his sister"—"Did I hurt your highness?"—Hans and Doomsday have another talk—Kate Laurel meets the young miner—"Yah, dot vas vot I t'inks"—Madge's disguise penetrated—She recognizes an old enemy—"Now, George Smith, take your choice"—Joe Ruggles as a tramp—"Ef yer think yer can pick on me because I'm han'some ye'll find me ter hum"—Hamilton appears—"Those two youngsters are mine"—The tramp takes a hand.

ACT III—Wood Scene

A lively ghost—Hamilton and Smith plan more villainy—Old Joe thinks of turning Detective—Kate Laurel again—"There is a secret connected with my life"—Kate's confession—"What do you mean, sir?"—Tom Howarth once more—"Vos you looking for a hotel?"—Planning an abduction—Old Joe as an Irishman—"Phat does yez want wid me?"—Undertakes to be a detective—Takes a hand in the abduction—"Do it at your peril."

ACT IV

Hans hears, and tells, the latest news—"I nefer pelieved dot spook peesness"—Kate Laurel astonished—Hamilton attempts flight—"De poys haf got Mr. Hamilton, und dey vill gif him a necktie barty"—Arrest of Smith—"Get out mit my vay, I vas de United States Mail"—Tom meets his old friend under new circumstances—"Do you want me, Tom?"—Old Joe gives consent—A happy ending.

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The Outcast's Daughter A Drama in Four Acts

By MARION EDDY PRICE, 25 CENTS

Ten male, five female and one child characters. Plays two and one-half hours. Modern costumes. Three interior, one exterior scenes, all easily arranged where there is any scenery at hand. No stronger melodrama has been given the play-loving public. Full of the strongest appealing heart interest, intense, pathetic, real life, where joy and laughter are mingled with pathos and suffering, but all ending happily. A melodrama without a villain or the use of firearms. Amateurs may play it successfully, it plays itself, and it is adapted to strong repertoire companies.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Carl Faber.....An ex-convict
Howard Ross.....A manufacturer
Dennis Hogan.....Servant to Ross
Abel .....Gardener to Ross
Judge Havens.....Of the police court
Recorder .....Of the police court
Lettner .....Clerk of police court
Second Court Clerk.....Clerk of police court
Two policemen .....
Little Hugo.....Agatha's child
Agatha Steme .....Ross' bookkeeper
Ida Rheinhold.....A retired singer
Mrs. Wilmuth.....A washerwoman
Katie .....Factory girl
Frances .....Factory girl

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act 1. Ross' private office. "What has given me the honor of this visit?" "I will never sing again. My life has been a sad failure." "Good God! My mother!" "I have done wrong, I confess, but when a mother asks, a child must forgive. Oh, Mr. Ross, help me." "You, my rich and famous mother, to you I was nothing, and you—you are nothing—nothing to me." "Agatha! Agatha! My child! My child!"

Act 2. Agatha's attic. "My poor father. So young and strong. How I could have loved him." "Yes, Katie is right, I have nothing but bread for my sweet child." "Madam, I vould lie if I say she vas anything but a lady." "On the other side, towards the garden, there are a few rooms I have never used. If you will take them——" "You do not look like a man who could commit murder. How was it?" "I was a weak man and many misfortunes made me desperate." "My picture! I must be mad." "You are good, child, but you shall not call me father." "Father! Father!"

Act 3. Ross' Garden. "He is so good to me, but I cannot forget my poor unhappy father." "The picture was taken when I was young. He shall have it." "Stay here and be my wife." "That suspicious old man is in the garden." "For her I sacrificed everything." "Do you want to go to prison again?" "My father needs me to defend and comfort him."

Act 4. A Police Court. "Do not ask me, your honor—I am an ex-convict." "Your silence will not help you." "It vas dark und Mrs. Steme vas that scared she vas faint." "I hope, sor, yer honor believes in a future life, sor." "He wished to see his child; I am his child." "Grandfather, we love you." "I am his wife. Do not condemn him."

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Hageman's Make-Up Book

By MAURICE HAGEMAN

Price, 25 cents

The importance of an effective make-up is becoming more apparent to the professional actor every year, but hitherto there has been no book on the subject describing the modern methods and at the same time covering all branches of the art. This want has now been filled. Mr. Hageman has had an experience of twenty years as actor and stage-manager, and his well-known literary ability has enabled him to put the knowledge so gained into shape to be of use to others. The book is an encyclopedia of the art of making up. Every branch of the subject is exhaustively treated, and few questions can be asked by professional or amateur that cannot be answered by this admirable hand-book. It is not only the best make-up book ever published, but it is not likely to be superseded by any other. It is absolutely indispensable to every ambitious actor.

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Diamonds and Hearts

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN

Price, 25 cents

This play has become one of the most popular in America. The good plot, the strong "heart" interest, and the abundant comedy all combine to make a most excellent drama. "Bub" Barnes is a fine character of the Josh Whitcomb type, and his sister is a worthy companion "bit." Sammy is an excruciatingly funny little darkey. The other characters are good. Fine opportunity for introducing specialties. The play has so many good points that it never fails to be a success.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BERNICE HALSTEAD, a young lady of eighteen, with an affection of the heart, a love for fun and hatred of arithmetic.....
AMY HALSTEAD, her sister, two years younger, fond of frolic.
INEZ GRAY, a young lady visitor, willing to share in the fun....
MRS. HALSTEAD, a widow, and stepmother of the Halstead girls
HANNAH MARY BARNES, or "Sis," a maiden lady who keeps house for her brother .....
DWIGHT BRADLEY, a fortune hunter and Mrs. Halstead's son by a former marriage.....
DR. BURTON, a young physician.....
SAMMY, the darkey bell-boy in the Halstead house.....
ABRAHAM BARNES, or "Bub," a yankee farmer, still unmarried at forty—a diamond in the rough.....
ATTORNEY; SHERIFF .....

Time of playing, two hours.
Two interior scenes. Modern costumes.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

Act. 1. Parlor of the Halstead home. The young doctor. The three girls plot to make his acquaintance. An affection of the heart. "Easy to fool a young doctor," but not so easy after all. The stepmother and her son. The stolen diamonds. The missing will. Plot to win Bernice. "I would not marry Dwight Bradley for all the wealth the world contains." Driven from home.

Act 2. Kitchen of the Barnes' farm house. Bub takes off his boots. The new school ma'am. "Supper's ready." "This is our nephew and he's a doctor." Recognition. A difficult problem in arithmetic. The doctor to the rescue. "I'm just the happiest girl in the world." "I've come to pop the question, an' why don't I do it?" Brother and sister. "If it's a heifer, it's teh be mine." The sheriff. Arrested for stealing the diamonds. "Let me knock yer durned head off." The jewels found in Bernice's trunk.

Act 3. Parlor of the Halstead home. "That was a lucky stroke—hiding those diamonds in her trunk." The schemer's plot miscarries. Abe and Sammy join hands. The lawyer. "Bully for her." Bradley tries to escape. "No, ye don't!" Arrested. "It means, dear, that you are to be persecuted no more." Wedding presents, and a war dance around them. "It is no trick at all to fool a young doctor."

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Capt. Racket

A Comedy in Three Acts

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

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CHARACTERS

CAPT. ROBERT RACKET, one of the National Guard. A lawyer when he has nothing else to do, and a liar all the time.....Comedy lead

OBADIAH DAWSON, his uncle, from Japan, "where they make tea".....Comedy old man

TIMOTHY TOLMAN, his friend, who married for money, and is sorry for it.....Juvenile man

MR. DALROY, his father-in-law, jolly old cove.....Eccentric

HOBSON, waiter from the "Cafe Gloriana," who adds to the confusion.....Utility

CLARICE, the Captain's pretty wife, out for a lark, and up to "anything awful".....Comedy lead

MRS. TOLMAN, a lady with a temper, who finds her Timothy a vexation of spirit.....Old woman

KATY, a mischievous maid.....Soubrette

TOOTSY, the "Kid," Tim's olive branch.....Props.

SYNOPSIS

Act I. Place: Tim's country home on the Hudson near New York. Time: A breezy morning in September. The Captain's fancy takes a flight and trouble begins.

Act II. Place: the same. Time: the next morning. How one yarn requires another. "The greatest liar unhung." Now the trouble increases and the Captain prepares for war.

Act III. Place: the same. Time: Evening of the same day. More misery. A general muddle. "Dance or you'll die." Cornered at last. The Captain owns up. All serene.

Time of playing: Two hours.

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Practical Instructions for Private Theatricals

By W. D. EMERSON

Author of "A Country Romance," "The Unknown Rival," "Humble Pie," etc.

Price, 25 cents

Here is a practical hand-book, describing in detail all the accessories, properties, scenes and apparatus necessary for an amateur production. In addition to the descriptions in words, everything is clearly shown in the numerous pictures, more than one hundred being inserted in the book. No such useful book has ever been offered to the amateur players of any country.

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Because I Love You

Drama in Four Acts

By JOHN A. FRASER

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Eight male, four female characters. Plays two hours. Modern costumes. This is probably the strongest drama written of the modern romantic style. It is a pure love story and its sentiment and pathos are of the sterling, honest kind which appeals to every man and woman with a human heart. The stage business will be found extremely novel, but easily accomplished. The climaxes are all new and tremendously effective. One climax especially has never been surpassed.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Imogene Courtleigh. Wilful, wayward and wealthy....Juvenile lead
Ginger. A Gypsy waif.....Soubrette
Nance Tyson. Her supposed mother.....Character
Prudence Freeheart. A poor relation.....Old maid comedy
Horace Verner. An artist and accidentally a married man.....
.....Juvenile lead
Dick Potts. His chum and incidentally in love with Ginger.....
.....Eccentric comedy
Ira Courtleigh. Imogene's guardian.....Heavy
Buck Tyson. A Gypsy tinker.....Character comedy
Elmer Van Sittert. Anglomaniac, New Yorker.....Dude comedy
Major Duffy. County Clerk and Confederate veteran.....
.....Irish comedy
Squire Ripley. A Virginia landlord.....Character old man
Lige. A gentleman of color.....Negro character

Note: Squire Ripley and Van Sittert may double.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act 1. "The George Washington," a country tavern in old Virginia. An impromptu wedding. "When I was on the boards at old Pott's theayter." "Horace has fallen in love and has done nothing but rave about her ever since." "The marriage ceremony performed, I depart, and you will make no attempt ever to see me again." "Except at your own request, never!"

Act 2. Lovers' Leap, a Blue Mountain precipice. A daring rescue. "Gold does not always purchase happiness, lady." "Do you ever feel the need of a faithful friend?" "I do, I do, I'm thinking of buying a bulldog." "Look at the stride of him, and Imogene sitting him as if he were a part of herself." Within twenty feet of certain death. "Gone? Without even my thanks for such a deed of desperate heroism?"

Act. 3. The Courtleigh Place. A woman's folly. "And you say his father was a gentleman?" "I have already refused to sign the document." "Stand back, she is my wife."

Act. 4. The "Mountain Studio." "You're too good to let that French girl get you." "I struck him full in the face and the challenge followed." "You will not meet this man, dear love?" "It shall, at least, be blow for blow." "I'll release you from your promise. Fight that man." "I'm the happiest man in old Virginia, because you love me."

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